Beyond the Frontier

By RANDALL PARRISH

A Romance of Early Days in the Middle West

Adele la Chesnayne, a belle of New France, is forced into marriage with Commissaire Cassion, henchman of Governor La Barre, who is plotting to coust La Salle and his garrison from the frontier Fort St. Louis, on the Illinois river. Adele had overheard the plotters say she had inherited a great fortune from her father and they had kept it from her, La Barre and Cassion learned of the girl's knowledge—thus the marriage and the hurried departure of Cassion and a company for Fort St. Louis. The bride refuses to share sleeping quarters with her husband. She has but one friend, young Rene D'Artigny, a guide. He is chary of helping her. Chevet, the girl's uncle, one of the party, is found murdered. A fierce storm scatters and wrecks the boats. Adele is rescued.

There comes to Adele an opportunity to escape a long life portunity to escape a long life worse to her than the death which she has just escaped. Yet the spell of her marriage vow—forced though it was—has a strong influence. The pendulum of misfortune has reached the end of its swing and seems to be returning to center. You will find much of interest and the unfolding of a new mystery in unfolding of a new mystery in \$ this installment.

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CHAPTER XIII-Continued.

"Lie still a moment," said a voice gently. "You will breathe easier shortly and regain strength."

I knew my fingers closed on the man's hand convulsively, but the water yet blinded my eyes. He must have perceived this for he wiped my face with a cloth, and it was then I perceived his face clearly, and remem-

"The Sieur d'Artigny!" I exclaimed. "Of course," he answered. "Who else should it be, madame? Please do not regret my privilege."

"Your privilege; 'tis a strange word you choose, monsieur," I faltered, not yet having control of myself. "Surely I have granted none."

"Perchance not, as there was small chance," he answered, evidently attempting to speak lightly. "Nor could wait to ask your leave; yet surely I may esteem it a privilege to bring you ashore alive. '

"It was you then who saved me? I scarcely understood, monsieur; I lost consciousness, and am dazed in mind. You leaped into the water from the

"Yes; there was no other course left me. My boat was beyond yours, a few yards farther out in the lake, when the storm struck. We were partially prepared, for I felt assured there would be trouble. Never did I feel more deadly blast; no craft such as ours could face it. We were to your left and rear when your canoe capsized, and I bore down toward where you struggled in the water. An Indian got grip upon you as we swept by, but the craft dipped so that he let go, and then I jumped, for we could never come back, and that was the only chance. This is the whole story. madame, except that by God's help, I got you ashore."

I looked into his face, impressed by the seriousness with which he spoke "I-I thank you, monsieur." I said, and held out my hand. "It was most gallant. Are we alone here? Where smiled, are the others?"

"I do not know, madame," he answered, his tone now that of formal courtesy. "'Tis but a short time since we reached this spot, and the storm yet rages. May I help you to stand, so you may perceive better our situation!

He lifted me to my feet, and I stood erect, my clothes dripping wet, and my limbs trembling so that I grasped his arm for support, and glanced anxiously about. We were on a narrow sand beach, at the edge of a small cove, so protected the waters were comparatively calm, although the trees above bowed to the could see huge waves, whitened with foam, and perceive the clouds of spray flung up by the rocks. It was a wild scene, the roar of the breakers loud and continuous, and the black clouds flying above with dizzy rapidity. All through seemed typified in the scene, and I covered my face with my hands,

"You-you think they-they are all

from me. "Oh, no," he answered eagerly, and his hand touched me. "Do not give way to that thought. I doubt if any in your canoe made shore, but the others need not be in great danger. They could run before the storm until they found some opening in the coast line to yield protection. The sergeant was no voyageur, and when one of the paddles broke he steered wrong. With an Indian there you would have are not angry? it was but the duty floated."

"Then what can we do?"

"There is naught that I see, but wait. Monsieur Cassion will be blown south, but will return when the storm stabsides to seek you. No doubt he will think you dead, yet will scarcely leave without search. See, the sky grows lighter already, and the wind is less fierce. It would be my thought to attain the woods yonder, and build a fire to dry our clothes; the air chills."

I looked where he pointed, up a narrow rift in the rocks, yet scarcely felt strength or courage to attempt the ascent. He must have read this in my face, and seen my form shiver as the wind struck my wet garments, for he made instant decision.

'Ab, I have a better thought than that, for you are too weak to attempt the climb. Here, lie down, madame, and I will cover you with the sand. It is warm and dry. Then I will clamber up yonder and fling wood down; 'twill be but a short time until we have a cheerful blaze here."

From where I lay my head on a

pletely buried, I could watch him scale | mander of the expedition, but prom- | if I said more, for I am Monsieur | have controlled canoes in far worse back, waved his hand, and then disappeared among the trees. All was silent about me, except for the dash of distant waves, and the rustle of branches far overhead. I gazed up at the sky, where the clouds were thinning, giving glimpses of faintest blue, and began to collect my own you a fair trial."

thoughts, and realize my situation. D'Artigny appeared at the edge of the cliff, and called to reassure me of his presence. He had his arms filled with broken bits of wood which were frank answer. tossed to the sand, and a moment later he descended the rift in the wall and paused beside me.

"No sign of anyone up there," he said, and, I felt, not regretfully. "The canoes must have been blown some distance down the coast."

"Were you able to see far." "Ay, several leagues, for we are upon a headland, and there is a wide sweep of bay below. The shore line



He Lifted Me to My Feet.

s abrupt and the waves still high Indeed I saw no spot in all that distance where a boat might make safe landing. Are you becoming dry?"

"I am at least warm, and already feel much stronger. Would it not be best, monsieur, for us to scale the cliff and walt our rescuers there, where we can keep lookout?"

"If you feel able to climb the rocks, although the passage is not difficult. A boat might pass us by here and never be seen or know of our presence, unless we keep up a fire."

I held out my hand to him and he helped me to my feet. The warmth of the sand while it had not entirely dried my clothing had given me fresh vigor, and I stood erect, requiring no assistance. With this knowledge a new assurance seemed to take possession of me, and I looked about and

"I am glad to know you can laugh," he said eagerly. "I have felt that our being thus shipwrecked together was descend the hill, but had hardly done not altogether to your liking."

"And why?" I asked, pretending surprise. "Being shipwrecked, of course, could scarcely appeal to me, ror. I saw you go straight to the but I am surely not ungrateful to you for saving my life."

man might be expected to do," he pro- kitchen roof. Do you realize what tested. "But you have avoided me your actions naturally meant to me?" for weeks past, and it can scarcely be pleasant now to be alone with me speak, yet in some way my lips

"Avoided you! Rather should I atfirm it was your own choice, monsteur, blast, and out beyond the headland I If I recall aright I gave you my confidence once, long ago on the Ottawa, and you refused my request of assistance. Since then you have scarcely

"Ah," he burst forth, " I have been oftentimes nearer you than you the horror which I had just passed thought. I could not forget what you and uncovered my face. said to me at that last meeting, or the appeal you made for my assistance. I realize the position you are in, gone?" I asked, forcing the words | madame, married by force to a man | to shield me, and I endeavored to proyou despise, a wife only in name, and | tect you. 'Twas a strange misunderwit alone. I could not forget all this, the canoe, might have had a tragic nor be indifferent. I have been in ending." your camp at night-ay, more than once-dreaming I might be of some aid to you, and to assure myself of

> "You have guarded me?" "As best I could, without arousing the wrath of Monsieur Cassion. You of a friend."

"No, I am not angry, monsieur, yet it was not needed. I do not fear Cassion, so long as I can protect myself, for if he attempts evil it will find some form of treachery. But, monsieur, later I gave him the pledge

"The pledge! What pledge?"

communicate with you until our arrival at Fort St. Louis."

My eyes fell before his earnest gaze, and I felt my limbs tremble. "Mon dieu! Why? There was some

special cause?" "Yes, monsieur-listen. Do not be lieve this is my thought, yet I must and there is naught sacred in your tell you the truth. Hugo Chevet was found dead, murdered, at St. Ignace. 'Twas the morning of our departure, and your boat had already gone. Cassion accused you of the crime, as some of the men saw you coming from the direction where the body was found late at night, and others reported that you two had quarreled the evening

D'Artigny straightened up, the expression on his face one of profound astonishment.

"He-he accused me," he asked, murder to win your promise?" "No, monsleur; he believed the charge step backward and bowed. true, and I pledged myself to assure

"Then you believed also that I was guilty of the foul crime?" I caught my breath, yet there was save in camp and field. I crave your

nothing for me to do but give him a

"I-I have given no testimony, monsleur," I faltered, "but I-I saw you in the moonlight bending over Chevet's dead body."

CHAPTER XIV.

We Exchange Confidences. My eyes fell before his; I could not ook into his face, yet I had a sense that he was actually glad to hear my words. There was no anger, rather

appiness and relief in the gray eyes. the blow? You thought me capable of driving a knife into the man's back to gain revenge?"

"Monsieur, what could I think?" urged eagerly. "It did not seem possible, yet I saw you with my own You knew of the murder, but you made no report, raised no alarm. and in the morning your boat was gone before the body was found by

"True, yet there was a reason which can confess to you. You also discovered the body that night, yet aroused no alarm. I saw you. Why did you remain silent? Was it to protect me from suspicion?"

I bent my head, but failed to find words with which to answer. D'Arti-

gny scarcely permitted me time. "That is the truth: your silence tells still. Is it not possible, Adele, that my purpose was the same? Listen to a confession would mean your death." me, my girl, and have faith in my words-I am not guilty of Hugo Chevet's death. I did not like the man, it is true, and we exchanged words in anger while loading the boats, but I never gave the matter second thought. journey that I sought to assure myself of your safety."

"I know Monsieur Cassion and of what he is capable, and felt that some time there would occur between you a struggle-so at every camping watched. It was for that purpose I approached the Mission house. gained glimpse within, and saw Cassion asleep on a bench, and knew you was satisfied, and started to return to the camp. On my way back I found Chevet's body at the edge of the wood. I discovered how he had been killed - a knife thrust in the back.

"But you made no report; raised no

"I was confused, unable to decide what was best for me to do. I had no business being there. My first Impulse was to arouse the Mission house; my second to return to camp and tell the men there. With this last purpose in view I entered the wood to so when I caught sight of you in the moonlight, and remained there hidden. watching your movements with horbody, assure yourself the man was dead; then return to the Mission house "As to that, I did no more than any and enter your room by way of the I stared at him, scarcely able to formed words.

"You-you thought I did it?" "What else could I think? You were hiding there; you examined the body; you crept secretly in through the window and gave no alarm."

The horror of it all struck me like blow, and I covered my eyes with my hands, no longer able to restrain my sobs. D'Artigny caught my hands

"Do not break down, little girl," he entreated. "It is better so, for now we understand each other. You sought endeavoring to protect yourself by standing, and, but for the accident to

> "You would never have told?" "Of seeing you there? of suspecting you? Could you think that possible?" "But you would have been conlemned; the evidence was all against

"Let us not talk of that now," he insisted. "We have come back to a faith in each other. You believe my word?" "Yes."

"And I yours."

His handclasp tightened, and there was that in his eyes which frightened

"No, no, monsieur," I exclaimed and drew back quickly. "Do not say more, "That I would neither meet, nor for I am here with you alone, and there will be trouble enough when Cassion returns." "Do I not know that?" he said, yet

releasing my hands. "Still it can surely do no harm for us to understand each other. You care nothing for Cassion; you dislike, despise the man, marriage. We are in the wilderness, not Quebec, and La Barre has little authority here. You have protected me with your silence-was it not because you cared for me?"

"Yes, monsieur; you have been my friend.

"Your friend! Is that all?" "Is that not enough, mensiour? I before. Cassion would have tried you like you well; I would save you from

the rocks, making use of the rift in ised not to file charges until we Cassion's wife by rite of Holy church, storms. They are doubtless safely the face of the cliff, and finding no reached St. Louis, if I made pledge- I do not fear him-he is a coward; ashore beyond the point youder. You great difficulty. At the top he looked 'twas then that I gave him my word." but I fear dishonor, monsieur, for I are not afraid to be left alone?" am Adele la Chesnayne. I would respect myself and you."

> the gray eyes. For a moment he stood silent and motionless; then he drew a "Your rebuke is just, madame," ne said soberly. "We of the frontier grow careless in a land where might is

The light of conquest vanished from

pardon for my offense." So contrite was his expression I had smile, realizing for the first time the depth of his interest in my good will, yet the feeling which swayed me was not altogether that of pleasure. He was not one to yield so quietly, or to long restrain the words burning his tongue, yet I surrendered to my first impulse, and extended my hand.

"There is nothing to pardon, Sieur d'Artigny," I said frankly, "There is no one to whom I owe more of courtesy than you. I trust you fully, and believe your word, and in return I "And you actually believed I struck ask the same faith. Under the conditions confronting us we must aid each other. We have both made mistakes in thus endeavoring to shield one another from suspicion, and, as a result, are both equally in peril. Our being alone together here will enrage Monsieur Cassion, and he will use all his power for revenge. My testimony will only make your case more desperate should I confess what I know, and you might east suspicion upon me-"You do not believe I would."

"No, I do not, and yet, perchance, t might be better for us both if I made full confession. I hesitate merebecause Cassion would doubt my word; would conclude that I merely ought to protect you. Before othersfair-minded judges at St. Louis-I should have no hesitancy in telling the whole story, for there is nothing I did me it was for my sake you remained of which I am ashamed, but here, where Cassion has full authority, such "He believes that you feel interest in me?"

"I have never denied it: the fact which rankles, however, is his knowledge that I feel no interest whatever in him. But we waste time, monsieur, That was not the first night of this in fruitless discussion. Our only course is a discovery of Hugo Chevet's real murderer, Know you anything to warrant suspicion?"

D'Artigny did not answer at once, his eyes looking out on the white crested waters of the lake.

madame," he said at length gravely. "The last time Chevet was seen alive, so far as I now know, was when he left the boats in company with Monsieur Cassion to return to the had retired to the chamber above. I Mission house. Could there be any death of Chevet?"

"I know of none. My uncle felt bitter over the concealment of my fortune, and no doubt the two had exchanged words, but there was no open quarrel. Chevet was rough and headstrong, yet he was not killed in fight, for the kuife thrust was from behind." "Ay, a coward's blow. Chevet possessed no papers of value?"

I shook my head. "If so, no mention was ever made to me. But, monsieur, you are still wet, and must be cold in this wind. Why do you not build the fire, and dry your clothing?"

"The wind does have an icy feel," he admitted, "but this is a poor spot. Up yonder in the wood shadow there



His Handclasp Tightened, and There Was That in His Eyes Which Frightened Me.

is more warmth, and besides it affords better outlook for the canoes. Have you strength now to climb the bluff?"

"The path did not appear difficult, and it is dreary enough here. I will try. I did not even require his aid, and

was at the top nearly as soon as he. It was a pleasant spot, a heavy forest growing almost to the edge, but with graduate from a Detroit school. green carpet of grass on which one could rest, and gaze off across the wide waste of waters. When I finally turned away I found that D'Artigny had already lighted a fire with flint and steel in a little hollow within the forest. He called to me to join

"There is nothing to see," he said "and the warmth is welcome. You had no glimpse of the boats?" "No," I admitted. "Do you really

believe they survived?" nummoes of sand, my body com- offhand, using his authority as com- injustice. You could not respect me should not, if properly handled. I floor walker." "There was no reason why they

"No," in surprise. "Where are you

going?" "To learn more of our surroundings and arrange some traps for wild game, I will not be away long, but someone should remain here to signal any canoe returning in search."

I watched him disappear among the trees without regret or slightest right, and I have had small training sense of fear at thus being left alone. The fire burned brightly and I rested where the grateful warmth put new life into my body. The silence was profound, depressing, and a sense of intense loneliness stole over me. I felt a desire to get away from the gloom of the woods, and climbed the bank to where I could look out once more across the waters.

The view outspread before me rerealed nothing new; the same dread waste of water extended to the horizon, while down the shore no movement was visible. As I rested there, oppressed by the loneliness, I felt little hope that the others of our party had escaped without disaster.

D'Artigny did not believe his own words; I even suspected that be had cone now alone to explore the shore ine; seeking to discover the truth and the real fate of our companions. At first this conception of our situation startled me, and yet, strange as it may seem, my realization brought no deep egret. I was conscious of a feeling of freedom, of liberty, such as had not been mine since we departed from Quebec. I was no longer watched, spied upon, my every movement ordered, my speech criticized. More, I was delivered from the hated presence of Cassion, ever reminding me that I was his wife, and continually threatening to exercise his authority. Ay, and was with D'Artigny, alone with him, and the joy of this was so deep that I came to a sudden realization of the trath-I loved him.

· Do you believe that the love is mutual; and it is too good to be true that Cassion has drowned?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

JUST FORM OF WANDERLUST Woman's Propensity for Bargain Hunting Explained by Scientist Who

Has Studied the Subject. Too long has mere man scorned the female bargain hunter, says the New York Press. Too long has he smiled indulgently or gently rallied the woman who indulges in the wild scramble reason why Cassion should desire the or the foot-wearying pilgrimage after a "marked-down-from" to some oddfigured price just under the currency

of what they termed their "wanderlust." Proud have they been to recount to admiring youngsters how they ran away to sea, or took to braking on the railroad, or chased away to some Pan-American opportunity for getting rich quick.

Along comes Prof. Max Baff, bluff and to the point as to his name, and pronounces that bargain hunting is simply another form of wanderlusting. Both, he says, are due to high blood pressure of youth (not the sort of hardening arteries), and to each is due about the same modicum of pride If you want to get chesty over your blood pressure at all.

The good doctor found this out by using a sphygmometer, and to the 'sphy," as the laboratory men may call it for short, bargain hunting and shipping as a stoker, suffrage stumping and adventuring for hidden trensure all look just the same,

Of course, there may be something about human beings you can't size up by using instruments that end in "me ter," and sometimes the laboratory devices make stranger bedfellows than politics ever achieved. Still, Doctor Baff's conclusions sound more human than instrumental, and it is time for man to come off his call-of-the-wild perch and allow women their due for the wild thrills, the joyous adventuring, the big gamble and the delicious zest of hunting down bargains in their natural lairs.

Activities of Women. Many Filipino women catch and sell fish for a living. The more wealthy women in Turkey

now discard their vells when receiving Women in France are chiefly employed in the food industries, textiles and metal trades.

A majority of the girl students at

Smith college spend less than \$800 each for all purposes in a scholastic year. Miss Henrietta N. Cornell, twenty one years of age, has been appointed

postmistress of Rosebank, S. I., at a salary of \$2,500 a year. Coming to America two years ago from Angora, Turkey, and unable to speak a word of English, Miss Anna Tabibian, aged sixteen, a native born

Armenian, will soon receive the honor

of being the first Armenian girl to

Family Tree. 'Bacon-I see in Jamaica there are trees called "whip trees," and from these the natives make strong whips with the lash and handle all in one. Egbert-Gee, what a family tree for ome people I could mention!

Business Advantage. "Mrs. Binks' baby is very fretful at nights, but she has one comfort." "What's that?" "Her husband is a professions

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HAD GRAND DAY'S SHOOTING! Amateur Sportsman Thoroughly En-Joyed Himself Until Unfortunately His Supplies Gave Out.

"Awfully sorry, old chap," said the host, greeting his guest, who had arrived for a week-end with the guns, "but I shan't be able to come out today! However, a sportsman like you'll time, he got into communication with be able to get on by yourself. 'Ere's a gun, and 'ere's a bag o' ferrets. Keep well in the wood, and you ought to

ave plenty of sport." So away went the cockney sportsman, gloriously arrayed in glaring leggings, deer-stalker and Norfolk-jacket. At about umpty-um p. m. the mighty bunter returned.

"Well, 'ow'd you get on, ole chap?" sked his host.

"Oh, grand! Capital sport! Got ny more?" "Any more what?" "Why, any more of those squirrel things you gave me in that bag. I've or children. One dose is sufficient and no

shot that lot!"-London Tit-Bits. Important to Mothers Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for

infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Charlet In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Standard Maple Sirup. The state of New Hampshire has adopted a standard for maple sirup, and all that is sold in or sent from that state must now conform to the

following: "Maple sirup is a sirup made by the evaporation of maple sap or by the solution of maple concrete, and contains not less than 35 per cent of water and weighs not less than 11 pounds | ter to have a few enemies so as to keep to the gallon."

One of Life's Mysteries. "Singular thing, Isn't "What?"

"That people who are different from us seem to be satisfied with themselves."-Boston Evening Transcript, Kern county, California, contains 55,-

342 acres of proved oil lands.

"Van Skinn is an awful tightward. I don't suppose he has ever been known to give a cent to charity." "Oh, yes, he has. He gave a plugged

When Hogan Telephoned.

Hogan, the elder, was doing useful

work in the stables, since most of the

younger men in the nearby little mar-

One day he was sent by his employer

to telephone to a dealer for various

loads of hay, straw and oats. After

many struggles with that terrible in-

strument, which is supposed to save

"I say, we're waltin' fer that last

order fer hay, straw and oats. We

want it at once. Hay, straw and

"Very good. But who's it for?"

"Arr, now. Would ye try to be

funny with an ould man what's doing

his bit? It's fer the horses av

Dr. Peery's "DEAD SHOT" is an effective

medicine for Worms or Tapeworm in adults

Explained.

Patience-And you say he kissed her

several times while she was at the

"But did her father notice the in-

"Why, how in the world could she

keep singing when he kissed her on

"Oh, she always sings through her

Promoters of Vigilance.

"Aren't you afraid your course will

"I'll have to take a chance," replied

Senator Sorghum, "Sometimes It's bet-

you from getting too good-natured and

Just Once

"There was no interruption."

supplemental purge necessary .- Adv.

ket town had enlisted.

the dealers at last.

Back came the answer:

coorse."-London Mail.

piano, singing?

terruption?"

the mouth?

careless."

nose, you know."

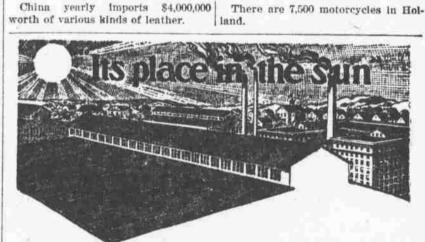
make you some enemies?"

Patrice-Yes.

oats.

after he had made perfectly sure that he couldn't pass it on anyone else."

nickel to a blind man once, but only



O hold "its place in the sun," is the avowed purpose I of a great nation's conflict. To hold "its place in the sun," is the object of every business in the great fight for industrial and commercial supremacy.

To be able to hold "its place in the sun," is the supreme test of an asphalt roof. It is the sun, not rain or snow, that plays havoc with a roof. If it can resist the drying out process of the sun beating down upon it, day after day, the rain or snow will not affect it except to wash it clean and keep it sanitary.

Certain-teed

Roofing

takes "its place in the sun" and holds it longer than other similar roofing, because it is made of the very best quality roofing felt, thoroughly saturated with the correct blend of soft asphalts, and coated with a blend of harder asphalts. This outer coating keeps the inner saturation soft, and prevents the drying out process so destructive to the ordinary roof.

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